

# Same in the End

## Sublime

Down in Mississippi where the sun beats down from the sky  
They give it up and they give it up and they give it up but they never ask why  
Daddy was a rollin', rollin' stone, oh  
He rolled away one day and he never came home It ain't hard to understand  
This ain't Hitler's master plan  
What it takes to be a man  
Ooh, in my mind, in my brain  
I roll it over like a steamin' freight train  
It ain't hard to ascertain You only see what you want to believe  
When you light up in the back with those tricks up your sleeve  
That don't mean I can't hang  
The day that I die will be the day that I Shut my mouth and put down my guitar  
Sunday morning hold church down at the bar  
Get down on your knees and start to pray  
Oh, pray my itchy rash will go away Back up y'all, it ain't me  
Kentucky Fried Chicken is all that I see  
It's a hellified way to start your day  
If I make you cry all night  
Me and daddy are gonna have a fist fight  
It ain't personal, it ain't me I only am what you told me to be  
I'm a backward ass hillbilly, I'm dick butkiss  
You know I lie, I get mean  
I'm a thief in the dark, I'm a ragin machine I'm a triple rectified ass son of a bitch  
Rec-tite on my ass and it makes me itch  
I can see for miles and miles and miles, oh  
My broken heart makes me smile In my mind, in my brain  
I go back and go completely insane  
It ain't personal, it ain't me  
If I make you cry I might  
Be your daddy at the end of the night  
Take a load from my big gun You only see what you want to believe  
When you creep from the back I got tricks up my sleeve  
24/7 the Devils best friend  
Makes no difference it's all the same in the end

Lyrics provided by

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